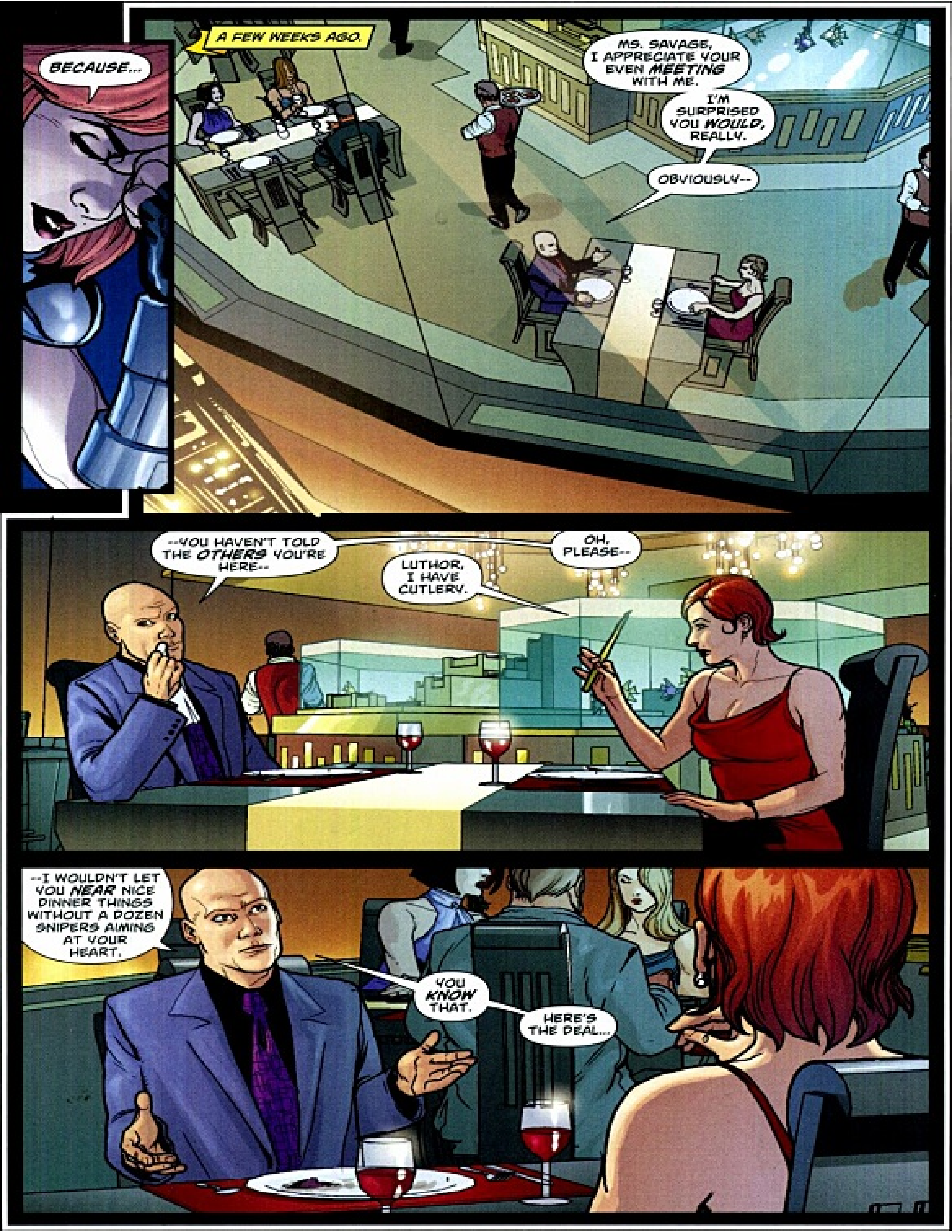


DC
LEX LUTHOR'S
ACTION
COMICS
896
FEB '11
GUEST-STARRING THE
SECRET SIX
PAUL
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SECOND FEATURE JIMMY OLSEN
by NICK SPENCER & RB SILVA


THE BLACK RING
PART SEVEN
SO WHY WE RESCUING LUTHOR AGAIN?
BORN IN SMALLVILLE BUT BELIEVING HIMSELF SUPERIOR, HE MURDERED HIS FATHER TO ESCAPE SMALL-TOWN AMERICA AND BUILT AN EMPIRE ON HIS GENIUS. THE SWORN ENEMY OF SUPERMAN, HE HAS VOWED THAT THE WORLD WILL TURN ITS BACK ON THE MAN OF STEEL AND INSTEAD EMBRACE HUMANITY'S CHAMPION... AND FUTURE RULER...
LEX LUTHOR
paul cornell writer pete woods artist
brad anderson colorist rob leigh letterer
david finch, batt & peter steigerwald cover
wil moss assoc. editor matt idelson editor
superman created by
jerry siegel & joe shuster
THEY ARE A TEAM OF LONERS WHO WORK OUTSIDE THE LAW AS MERCENARIES, AGENTS OF EXTREME VIOLENCE IN A VIOLENT WORLD. SOMETIMES THEY ARE THE HUNTERS, SOMETIMES THEY ARE THE HUNTED. THE WORLD CALLS THEM "SUPER-VILLAINS." THEY CALL THEMSELVES...
SECRET SIX


BECAUSE...
A FEW WEEKS AGO.
MS. SAVAGE, I APPRECIATE YOUR EVEN MEETING WITH ME.
I'M SURPRISED YOU WOULD, REALLY.
OBVIOUSLY--
--YOU HAVEN'T TOLD THE OTHERS YOU'RE HERE--
OH, PLEASE--
LUTHOR, I HAVE CUTLERY.
--I WOULDN'T LET YOU NEAR NICE DINNER THINGS WITHOUT A DOZEN SNIPERS AIMING AT YOUR HEART.
YOU KNOW THAT.
HERE'S THE DEAL...


I ADMIRE YOU AND THE SIX OTHER MEMBERS OF THE...erm... "SECRET SIX."
YOU'RE SOMETHING I CREATED THAT HAS LASTED.
I WAS.
YOU'RE NOT OUR--!
BUT NOW YOU WON'T BE PUSHED AROUND BY ANYONE.
YOU WON'T BE INFLUENCED, COERCED, OR BLACKMAILED.
I VERY MUCH EMPATHIZE WITH THAT DESIRE TO BE ONE'S OWN PERSON.
SO--
--LET ME MAKE YOU A STRAIGHT OFFER. LIKE ANYONE WHO HIRES YOU.
NATURALLY, YOU CAN DECLINE.
MY CURRENT COURSE MAY LEAD ME INTO... CONFLICT. I MIGHT NEED A CARD UP MY SLEEVE.
IF YOU'RE THAT ACE--
--THIS IS WHAT I'LL GIVE YOU.


SO WHAT WAS IT?! C'MON!
THE ONLY PERSON I'VE TOLD...IS OUR LEADER.
IT IS AN OUTRAGEOUS OFFER. THE MERE POSSIBILITY IS WORTH THE RISK.
DID DADDY OFFER US A TRIP TO THE ZOO?
I LIKE TO WATCH THE MONKEYS. WILD SCREAMING. THROWING POOP...
AND SOMETIMES THE MONKEYS JOIN IN!
BUT TO TELL YOU INVITES LAUGHTER AT THE EXPENSE OF SCANDAL SAVAGE. SO I WILL NOT.
GLAD WE GOT THAT SORTED OUT.
IT MAKES ABOUT AS MUCH SENSE AS ANYTHING WE DO.
THE PRIVATE ARMY INFESTING THIS BUILDING ARE PROFESSIONALS.
WE HAVE TO PICK OUR FIGHT. WITH WHOEVER'S--
OH, DAMN--


"--FATHER?!"
YOU HAVE TALKED AND TALKED, LUTHOR!
MERE SPECULATION ABOUT THE BLACK SPHERES! NO FACTS! NO SCIENCE!
KNOW THAT I AM IMMORTAL AND MY ARMY WILL GIVE THEIR LIVES! TELL ME SOMETHING USEFUL--!
--OR MY EXPLOSIVES WILL BRING THIS BUILDING DOWN AROUND YOU!
THWAMMM
I DON'T BELIEVE IN PROPHECY, SAVAGE.
I DON'T KNOW HOW MY ACTIONS MIGHT "BRING YOU GREAT HAPPINESS."
DO YOU?
IT WILL BE SOMETHING YOU DO. MAYBE WITHOUT EVEN KNOWING IT.
GIVING ME THE BLACK SPHERE DATA SEEMED THE MOST LIKELY POSSIBILITY--


"--BUT WHO KNOWS WHAT FORCES ARE IN PLAY?!"
AH!
THERE YOU ARE!
WAKE UP.
AHH!
REBOOTING! AND...
THAT'S WHAT GOT TO ME?! AN EARTH-MADE COMPUTER VIRUS?!
OH, I AM SO GOING TO KILL WHOEVER DID THAT! I AM GOING TO KILL THEM IN A WAY SO MESSY THAT THEIR LOVED ONES--!
ahem
WE HAVEN'T MET.
MISTER MIND HERE, CONTROLLING THIS BODY REMOTELY.
WELL, I SAY "MISTER MIND"--



--I'M ACTUALLY A MEMORY-DOWNLOAD CLONE OF THE LAST MISTER MIND, BROUGHT TO LIFE AT THE VERY SECOND--
WHATEVER.
WHY DID YOU REACTIVATE ME?
THE ATTENTION OF MY EMPLOYER (WHOEVER THAT IS) SEEMS TO BE ELSEWHERE FOR THE MOMENT.
SO I WANTED A QUICK CHAT. ABOUT SOMETHING I REALIZED.
THAT TIME YOU SHOT AT MY HENCH-PERSONS--
"--YOU INFECTED ONE OF THEM WITH HIGH-TECH NANITES.
"THE ONLY THING THEY MADE HIM DO WAS DEVIATE FROM MY ORDERS...AND DANGLE LUTHOR UPSIDE-DOWN!*
"FOR GOODNESS' SAKE, WHY?!"
*AS SEEN IN ACTION COMICS #890. --Meticulous Matt.


NONE OF YOUR BEESWAX.
YOU'RE WORKING FOR SOMEONE, TOO! BESIDES LUTHOR! AREN'T YOU?!
SEE MY PREVIOUS ANSWER, CATERPILLAR GIRL.
IT MUST BE SOMEONE WHO'S PLAYING AGAINST MY MYSTERIOUS BOSS.
DO YOU KNOW WHO THESE BEINGS ARE?
WHO'S TOYING WITH LUTHOR'S LIFE LIKE THIS?
IF YOU HAVE ANY GENUINE FEELINGS FOR HIM--!
DON'T YOU DARE--
FZACKKK
YEARGGHHH!
--TALK ABOUT MY "FEELINGS," BUDDY!
YOUR HOST BODY WON'T REMEMBER ANY OF THIS.
I SO WISH--


"--I COULD SAY THE SAME!"
MY FEELIN' IS--
BLAM
BLAM
--LET'S KILL SOME PEOPLE AND SEE WHERE THAT GETS US.
BLAM
BLAM
BLAM
BLAM
WHAT?
THEM?!
THEM. WORKING FOR ME.
FEELING THAT "HAPPINESS" YET?


!
IF THAT BUTTON GETS PRESSED--!
WE DIE!
WE HAVE TO HELP MR. LUTHOR!
OH, I LOVE THIS KID'S PRIORITIES!
WE CAN USE OUR FEET. HEAVE THE TABLE--!
IT'S GOING TO--!
--I WAS ABOUT TO TELL YOU WHEN!
NO, IT ISN'T.


DAUGHTER?! I COME SEEKING HAPPINESS, AND HERE YOU--?!
BACK OFF, FATHER!
IF I DESTROY THIS, YOUR BOMBS--
--WOULD STILL GO OFF! YOU WOULD DIE--!
--AND MY HEART WOULD BREAK! THAT CANNOT BE WHY I'M HERE!
I'M JUST DOING MY JOB!
YOUR JOB IS TO CONTINUE MY DYNASTY!
DIDN'T YOU GET MY NOTE?! I QUIT THAT FOR LESBIANISM!
HEY, IDIOTS! YOU WENT AND DID IT--!
--YOU MADE THE GIRL ROBOT MAD!
BUDDABUDDABUDDA
ALL UNITS TO THE BOARDROOM!



I LIKE A WOMAN WITH BIG GUNS.
AND LOTS OF STORAGE SPACE.
GETTING FIRED ON FROM TWO SIDES NOW! *HELLO?!*
MY MY, NOW *THAT'S* A HARDY SPECIMEN!
WE HAVE TO GET THIS THING *OUT* OF HERE! DOES NOBODY *UNDERSTAND* THAT?!
I THINK *WE* NEED A GIRL ROBOT.
LISTEN, WE'RE ON *YOUR*--!
THWACK
GUH!
COMMAND OVERRIDE! DON'T--!
WHAT HAVE YOU *DONE*, LUTHOR?!


MY DAUGHTER!
SCANDAL!
MR. LUTHOR!
OH, FOR--


YARRGGHH!


OH... OH NOW I SEE.
FATHER... YOU...
I DON'T WANT...
I STILL WOULD DO ANYTHING FOR YOU, GIRL.
YET YOU WILL DO NOTHING FOR ME.
WHERE IS THE HAPPINESS IN THIS?


EXIT! NOW!
FOR VANDAL SAVAGE!
FOR VANDAL SAVAGE!
BLACK ALICE CALLS ON THE POWER OF OTHER MAGICIANS!
TELL HER--!
SNOPAEW NRUT OTNI SEIKNIWT!
DID I, *UH*, GET THAT RIGHT? IT LOOKS LIKE--
--THEY'VE GOT--

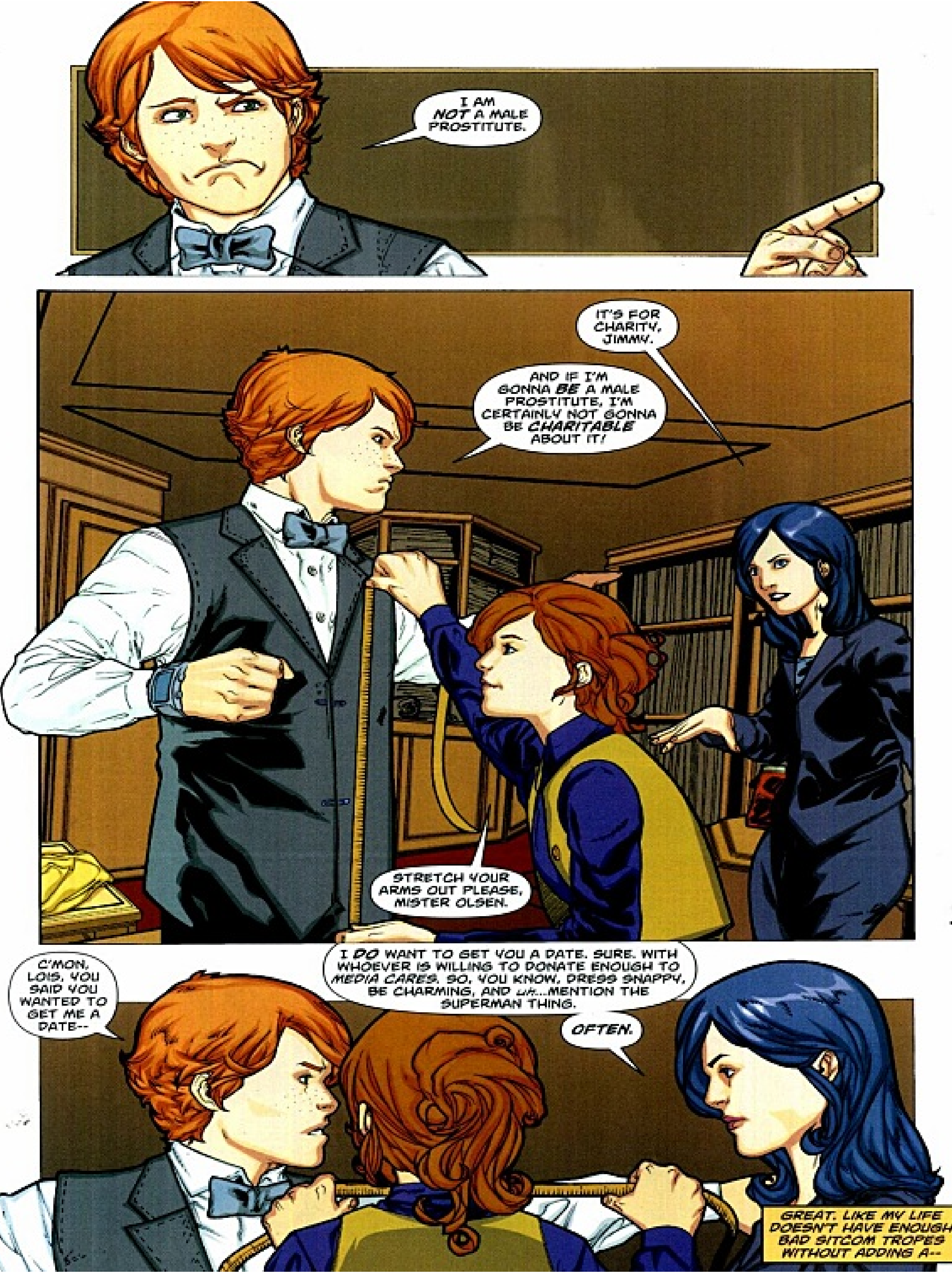


--MAGICAL DEFENSES?!
WHERE IS THE HAPPINESS?!
HOW HARD DO I HAVE TO SHAKE YOU?!
SAVAGE--!
MIGHT THE NATURE OF THIS PROPHECY BE--
--SIMPLY ABOUT YOUR ATTITUDE TOWARD YOUR DAUGHTER?
MIGHT DESTINY BE TELLING YOU--
--IT'S TIME TO ABANDON YOUR PLANS FOR HER?
MIGHT HAPPINESS LIE IN ACCEPTANCE?
NO!


WELL, NO, I WOULDN'T HAVE BELIEVED THAT EITHER.
BUT IT WAS WORTH A TRY.
LISTEN, SAVAGE--
--IT'S PRETTY CLEAR NOW: WHATEVER I'M MEANT TO DO TO MAKE YOU HAPPY--
--I HAVEN'T DONE IT YET.
SO ISN'T A CHANGE OF STRATEGY IN ORDER?
ONE THAT LETS ME LIVE?
I... I THINK THAT...
NO!


CANNOT--!
CAN'T--!
CAN SOMEONE--?!


I THINK IT MAY BE GOING TO--
OH MY DARLING GIRL.
FALSE PROPHECY--
"--CAN BE TERRIBLY CRUEL."
BEEP
TO BE CONCLUDED IN SECRET SIX #29!
NEXT HERE: WHY SO SERIOUS?



I AM *NOT* A MALE PROSTITUTE.
IT'S FOR CHARITY, JIMMY.
AND IF I'M GONNA *BE* A MALE PROSTITUTE, I'M CERTAINLY NOT GONNA BE *CHARITABLE* ABOUT IT!
STRETCH YOUR ARMS OUT PLEASE, MISTER OLSEN.
C'MON, LOIS. YOU SAID YOU WANTED TO GET ME A DATE--
I *DO* WANT TO GET YOU A DATE. SURE. WITH WHOEVER IS WILLING TO DONATE ENOUGH TO *MEDIA CARES*. SO, YOU KNOW, DRESS SNAPPY, BE CHARMING, AND *UH*...MENTION THE SUPERMAN THING.
OFTEN.
GREAT. LIKE MY LIFE DOESN'T HAVE ENOUGH BAD SITCOM TROPES WITHOUT ADDING A--

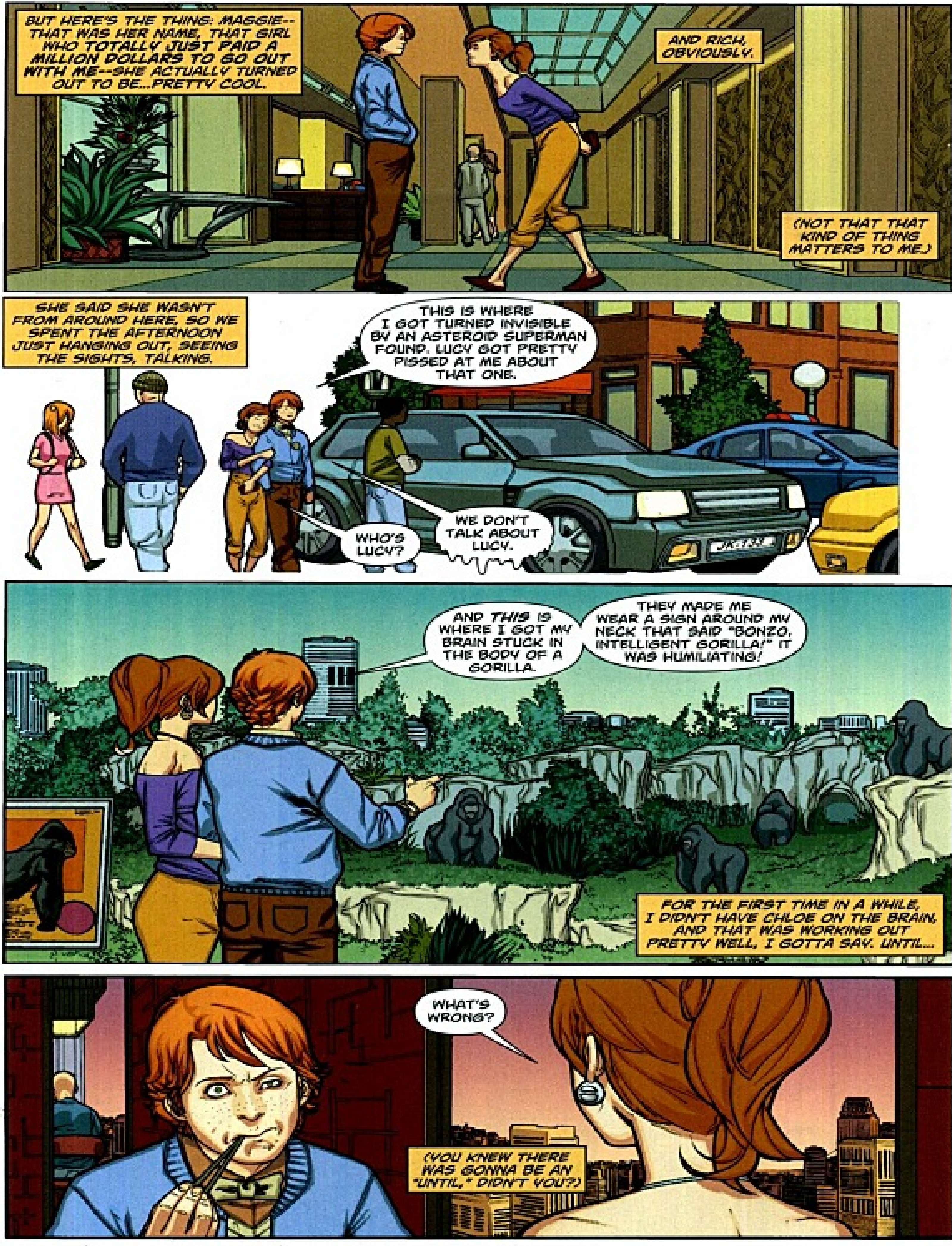

--DATE AUCTION, COURTESY OF THE METROPOLIS POLICE WIDOWS ASSOCIATION AND MEDIA CARES!
OH YEAH. THIS IS HAPPENING. TO ME.
JIMMY!
AND OF COURSE THAT MEANS THIS GUY IS HERE TO SEE IT.
THERE HE IS--FRESH MEAT FOR THE MASSES!
Ugh... SEBASTIEN. DON'T YOU HAVE AN ALIEN INVASION TO HIDE FROM?
I ALREADY EXPLAINED IT TO THE MAYOR. THERE WAS A HOSTAGE SITUATION AT LEXCORP. MY LIFE WAS IN DANGER!*
YEAH, WELL, MY LIFE WAS IN DANGER, TOO, YOU KNOW! I HAD TO BORE A BUNCH OF ALIENS UNTIL THEY LEFT!
I CAN'T IMAGINE ANYONE BETTER QUALIFIED.
*SEE THIS ISSUE'S LEAD STORY! HOW DID HE SURVIVE? CHECK OUT NEXT MONTH'S SECRET SIX #29! --LexCorp Winter Intern Wil
WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE ANYWAY? PRETTY SURE A HOSTILE TAKEOVER OF A WIDOWS' CHARITY WOULD BE FROWNED UPON.
HOLD STILL, MISTER OLSEN.
HA--IF ONLY. BUT NO, I'M HERE TO BID, OF COURSE.
FLATTERING. BUT YOU'RE NOT MY TYPE.
AND BY "TYPE," I DON'T MEAN BECAUSE YOU'RE A GUY. I MEAN BECAUSE YOU'RE A HORRIBLE, HORRIBLE PERSON WHO I HATE HAVING TO SHARE A PLANET WITH.
AND A GUY.
CUTE. BUT YOU MISUNDERSTAND ME, JIMMY. I'M NOT HERE TO BID ON YOU. I'M HERE TO BID ON--


CHLOE?!?
YOU'RE NOT SERIOUSLY GOING TO LET THIS GUY BID ON YOU! LIKE YOU'RE SOME--
Uh-uh. WHATEVER YOU WERE ABOUT TO SAY THERE, I CAN PROMISE IT WILL ONLY CAUSE YOU PROBLEMS.
AND TO ANSWER YOUR QUESTION, OF COURSE I AM. THIS MONEY GOES TO A VERY GOOD CAUSE. THE MORE I CAN GET THAT EGOMANIAC TO BID, THE BETTER.
I'VE GOT TWO FRIENDS PLANTED IN THE CROWD JUST TO MAKE SURE HE HAS TO PUMP THE NUMBER UP.
EXCUSE ME, SIR.
AND WHAT IF I WANNA BID?
THEN HEY, GO AS FAR AS YOUR PREPAID VISA WILL TAKE YOU.
YOU CAN'T JUST--
HEY, STOP. IT'S A DATE. IT'S NOT EVEN A REAL DATE. A CHARITY DATE. DON'T MAKE A BIG THING OF IT. BUT...I WILL SAY--
--YOU'RE KINDA UNINTENTIONALLY CUTE WHEN YOU'RE INEFFECTUALLY JEALOUS, JIMMY OLSEN.

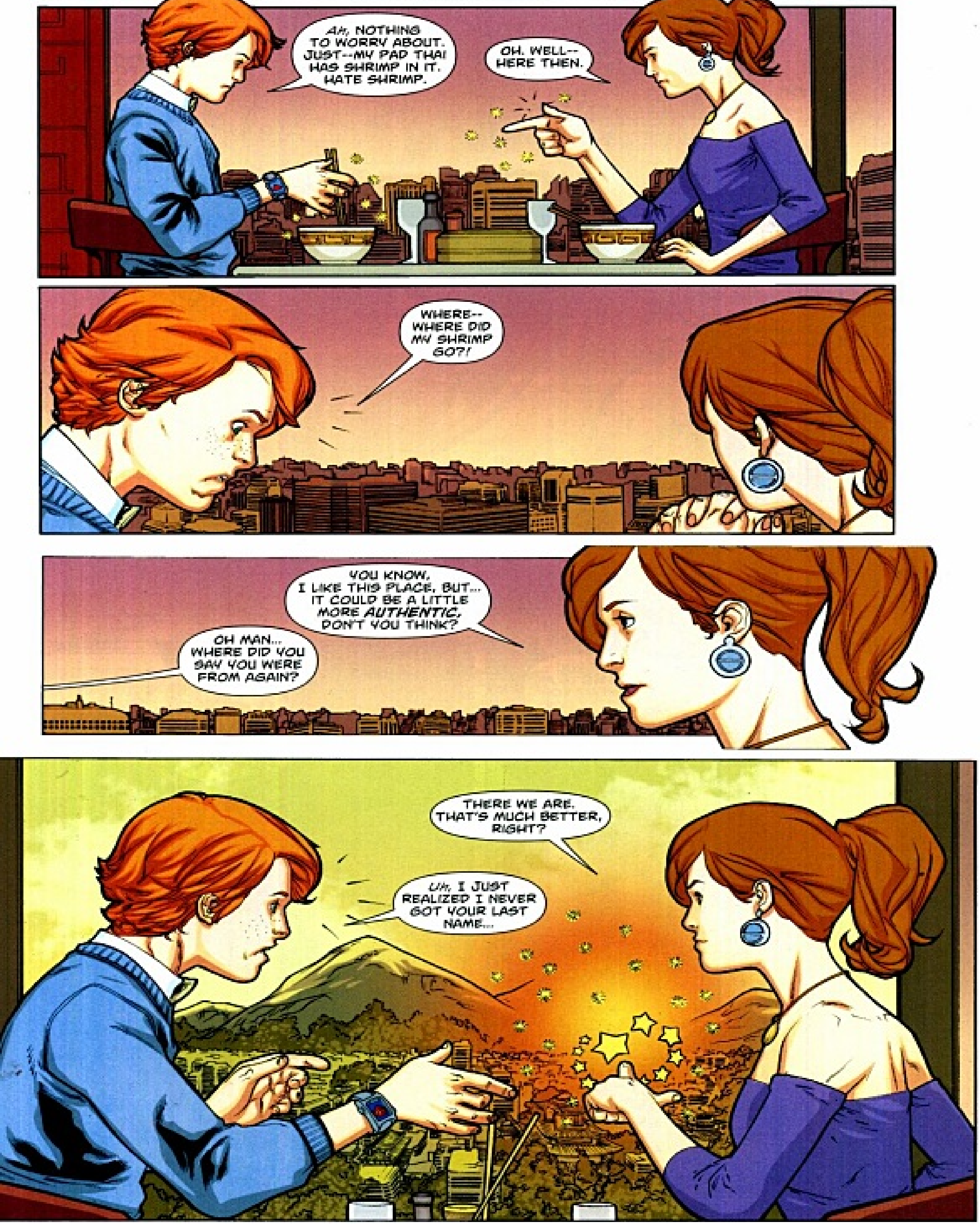


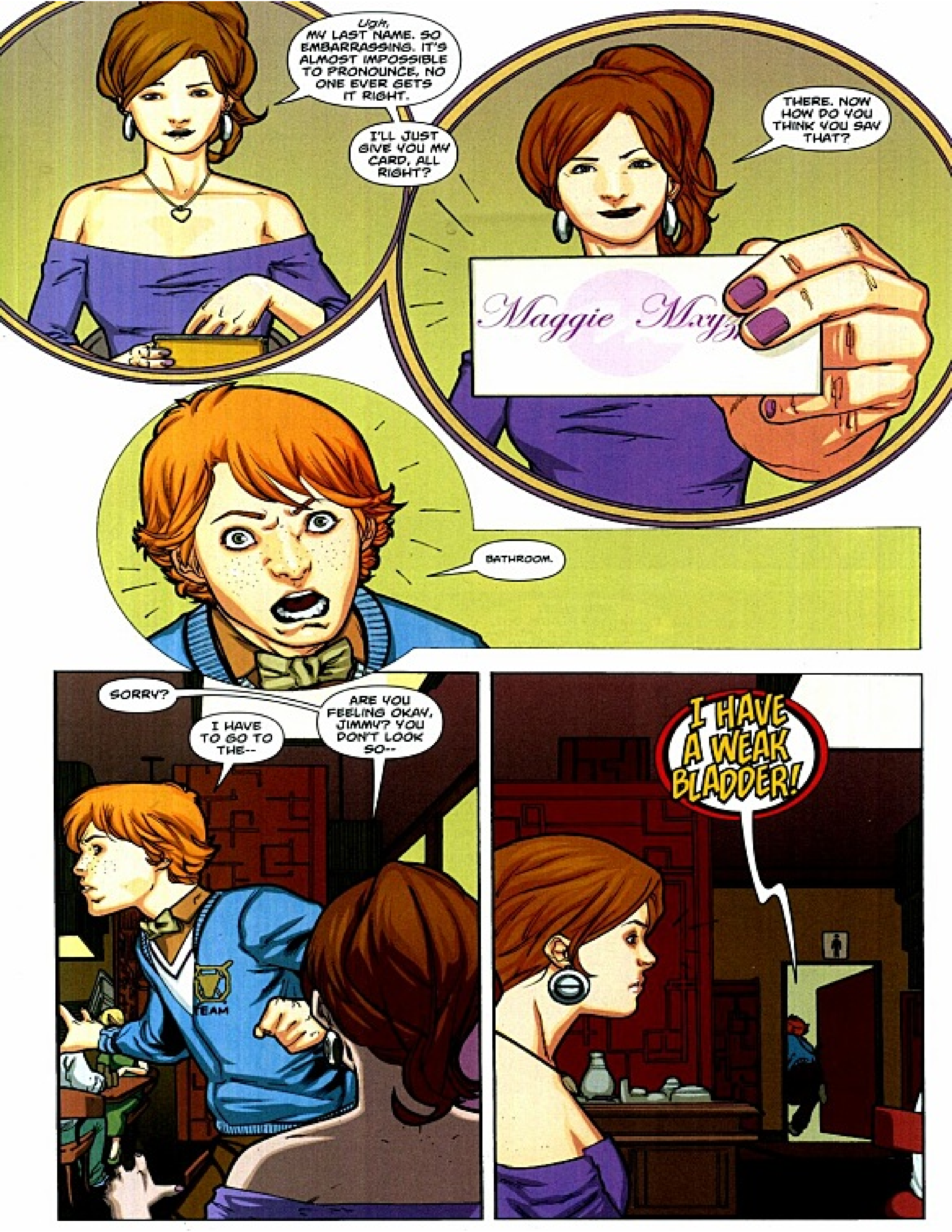
LOOK, I'M NOT SAYING I CARE. SHE CAN DO WHATEVER SHE WANTS. NO BIG DEAL TO ME.
IT'S JUST...DOES SHE HAVE TO LOOK SO GREAT WHILE SHE DOES IT?
TWO THOUSAND!
TWENTY-FIVE HUNDRED!
THREE THOUSAND!
OKAY, MAYBE I AM A LITTLE BIT, A TINY BIT, AN INFINITESIMAL BIT JEALOUS. BUT REALLY, COME ON NOW--
--HIM?!?
TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS!
SOLD TO THE ALWAYS GENEROUS MISTER SEBASTIEN MALLORY!
WHY, SEBASTIEN, I'D NEVER HAVE GUESSED--
I HOPE YOU DON'T MIND DATING SOMEONE YOU'RE DOING A STORY ON.
WELL, DONATING AN AMOUNT LIKE THAT TO A GOOD CAUSE WILL CERTAINLY LOOK GOOD ON THE PAGE.
LET NO GOOD DEED GO UNPUBLISHED. SO, EVER BEEN TO OUTER SPACE?
YOU KNOW, IT'S WEIRD YOU ASK...
C'MON, HOW AM I SUPPOSED TO COMPETE WITH THAT?!?


AND NOW LET'S WELCOME OUR NEXT BACHELOR, FROM *THE DAILY PLANET,* AWARD-WINNING PHOTOGRAPHER JIMMY OLSEN.
UM... HEY. I'M JIMMY OLSEN.
I USED TO HANG OUT WITH SUPERMAN ALL THE TIME.
YOU KNOW, BEFORE HE LEFT.
AND I *UH...* I JUST GOT OUT OF A LONG-TERM RELATIONSHIP.
SO THERE'S THAT.
AND, *UM...*
...I USED TO HANG OUT WITH SUPERMAN.
THANKS.
WELL... ALL RIGHT THEN. WE'LL START THE BIDDING AT...
sigh! IS ANYONE WILLING TO MAKE A BID HERE?
ANYONE? ANYONE?
GREAT. SOLD TO THE WOMAN IN THE INVISIBLE. *MOVING* ON THEN--
HOLD ON! HOLD ON! HOLD ON!
I THINK THIS IS A MILLION DOLLARS. IS THAT ENOUGH?!?
LOOK, I'M AS SURPRISED AS YOU ARE.



BUT HERE'S THE THING: MAGGIE--THAT WAS HER NAME, THAT GIRL WHO TOTALLY JUST PAID A MILLION DOLLARS TO GO OUT WITH ME--SHE ACTUALLY TURNED OUT TO BE...PRETTY COOL.
AND RICH, OBVIOUSLY.
(NOT THAT THAT KIND OF THING MATTERS TO ME.)
SHE SAID SHE WASN'T FROM AROUND HERE, SO WE SPENT THE AFTERNOON JUST HANGING OUT, SEEING THE SIGHTS, TALKING.
THIS IS WHERE I GOT TURNED INVISIBLE BY AN ASTEROID SUPERMAN FOUND. LUCY GOT PRETTY PISSED AT ME ABOUT THAT ONE.
WHO'S LUCY?
WE DON'T TALK ABOUT LUCY.
AND THIS IS WHERE I GOT MY BRAIN STUCK IN THE BODY OF A GORILLA.
THEY MADE ME WEAR A SIGN AROUND MY NECK THAT SAID "BONZO, INTELLIGENT GORILLA!" IT WAS HUMILIATING!
FOR THE FIRST TIME IN A WHILE, I DIDN'T HAVE CHLOE ON THE BRAIN, AND THAT WAS WORKING OUT PRETTY WELL, I GOTTA SAY. UNTIL...
WHAT'S WRONG?
(YOU KNEW THERE WAS GONNA BE AN "UNTIL," DIDN'T YOU?)


AH, NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT. JUST--MY PAD THAI HAS SHRIMP IN IT. HATE SHRIMP.
OH. WELL-- HERE THEN.
WHERE-- WHERE DID MY SHRIMP GO?!
YOU KNOW, I LIKE THIS PLACE, BUT... IT COULD BE A LITTLE MORE AUTHENTIC, DON'T YOU THINK?
OH MAN... WHERE DID YOU SAY YOU WERE FROM AGAIN?
THERE WE ARE. THAT'S MUCH BETTER, RIGHT?
UH, I JUST REALIZED I NEVER GOT YOUR LAST NAME...


Ugh, MY LAST NAME. SO EMBARRASSING. IT'S ALMOST IMPOSSIBLE TO PRONOUNCE. NO ONE EVER GETS IT RIGHT.
I'LL JUST GIVE YOU MY CARD, ALL RIGHT?
THERE. NOW HOW DO YOU THINK YOU SAY THAT?
Maggie Mxy
BATHROOM.
SORRY?
I HAVE TO GO TO THE--
ARE YOU FEELING OKAY, JIMMY? YOU DON'T LOOK SO--
I HAVE A WEAK BLADDER!


KNOCK! KNOCK!
JIMMY, ARE YOU OKAY IN THERE?
YEAH, JUST--JUST A SECOND!
OKAY, OLSEN, OKAY. YOUR DATE MIGHT BE A PSYCHOTIC SORCERESS FROM A DIMENSION RULED BY CHAOS-- DOESN'T MEAN SHE'S NOT A NICE PERSON.
OH MAN, WHY DO ONLY MOVIE BATHROOMS HAVE WINDOWS IN THEM?
JIMMY, I UNDERSTAND WHY YOU MIGHT HAVE COLD FEET RIGHT NOW, BUT LOCKING YOURSELF IN THE BATHROOM IS A BIT SILLY!
I CAN'T GO IF YOU KEEP TALKING TO ME!
JIMMY OLSEN, GET OUT HERE RIGHT THIS SECOND! THIS IS THE MOST IMPORTANT DAY OF OUR LIVES, YOU KNOW!
UMM, THE DAY I FINALLY PICK UP THE CHECK AT THE END OF A DATE?
THIS IS NOT THE TIME TO BE FUNNY, SWEETHEART--


JIMMY OLSEN'S
BIG WEEK
Day Four
NICK SPENCER: WRITER RB SILVA: PENCILLER DYM: INKER
DAVE McCAIG COLORIST
ROB LEIGH LETTERER
WIL MOSS EDITOR
MATT IDELSON GROUP EDITOR
CONGRATULATIONS TO THE HAPPY COUPLE
--YOU KNOW IT'S OUR WEDDING DAY!
NEXT:
PICK UP JIMMY OLSEN #1 IN MARCH TO FIND OUT HOW THE HECK JIMMY GETS OUT OF THIS ONE!



HAPPY NEW YEAR!!!

On behalf of everybody at the DCU, I'd like to extend a big thanks to all of you loyal DC Nation readers who helped make 2010 such a magnificent year for us. We've got lots and lots (and lots) of amazing stories and adventures coming your way in 2011, so be sure to check this space and The Source blog (dcublog.com) next week for all kinds of news and announcements. P.S. Thanks for the hat Mr. Finch!

Be seeing you next year!

— Ian Sattler

Senior Story Editor, DCU

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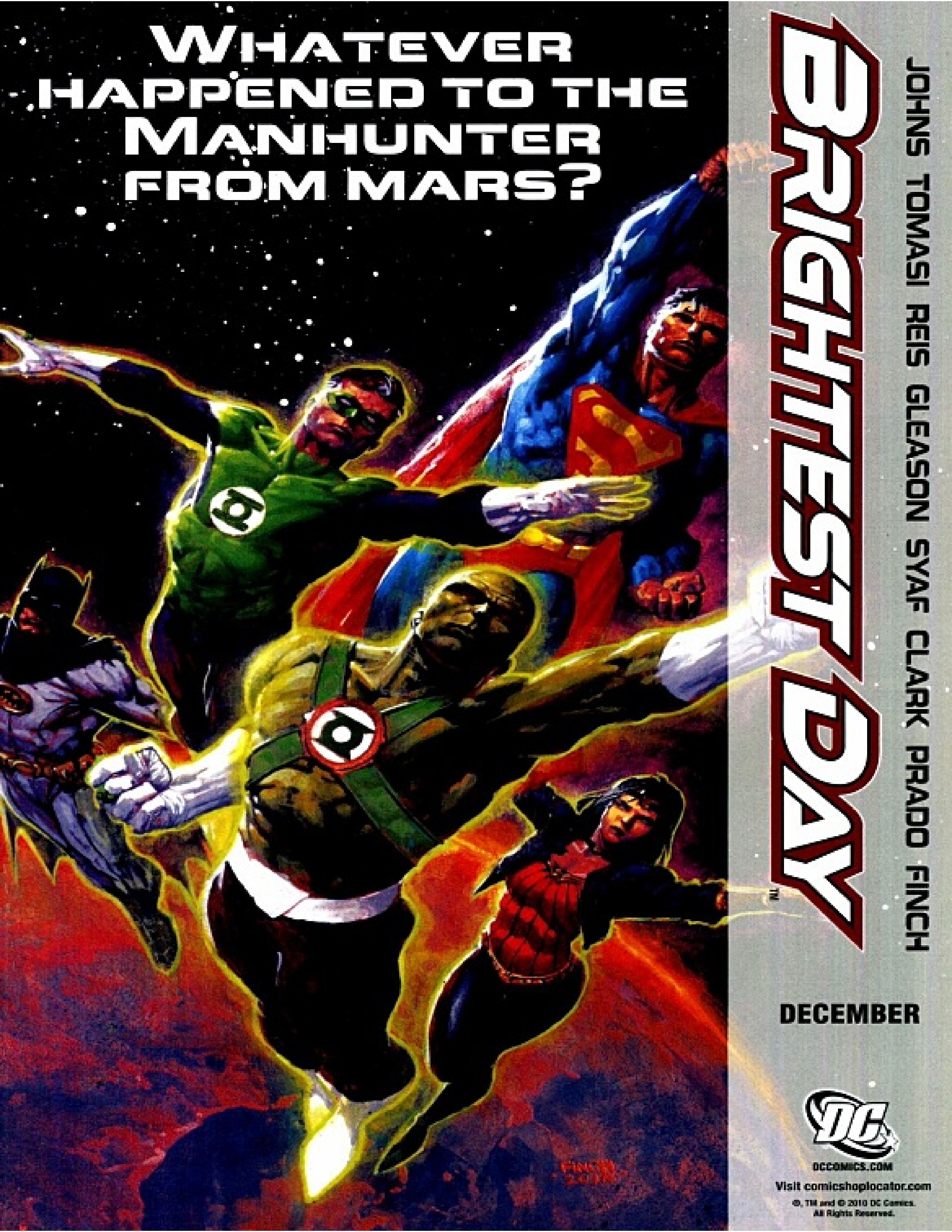
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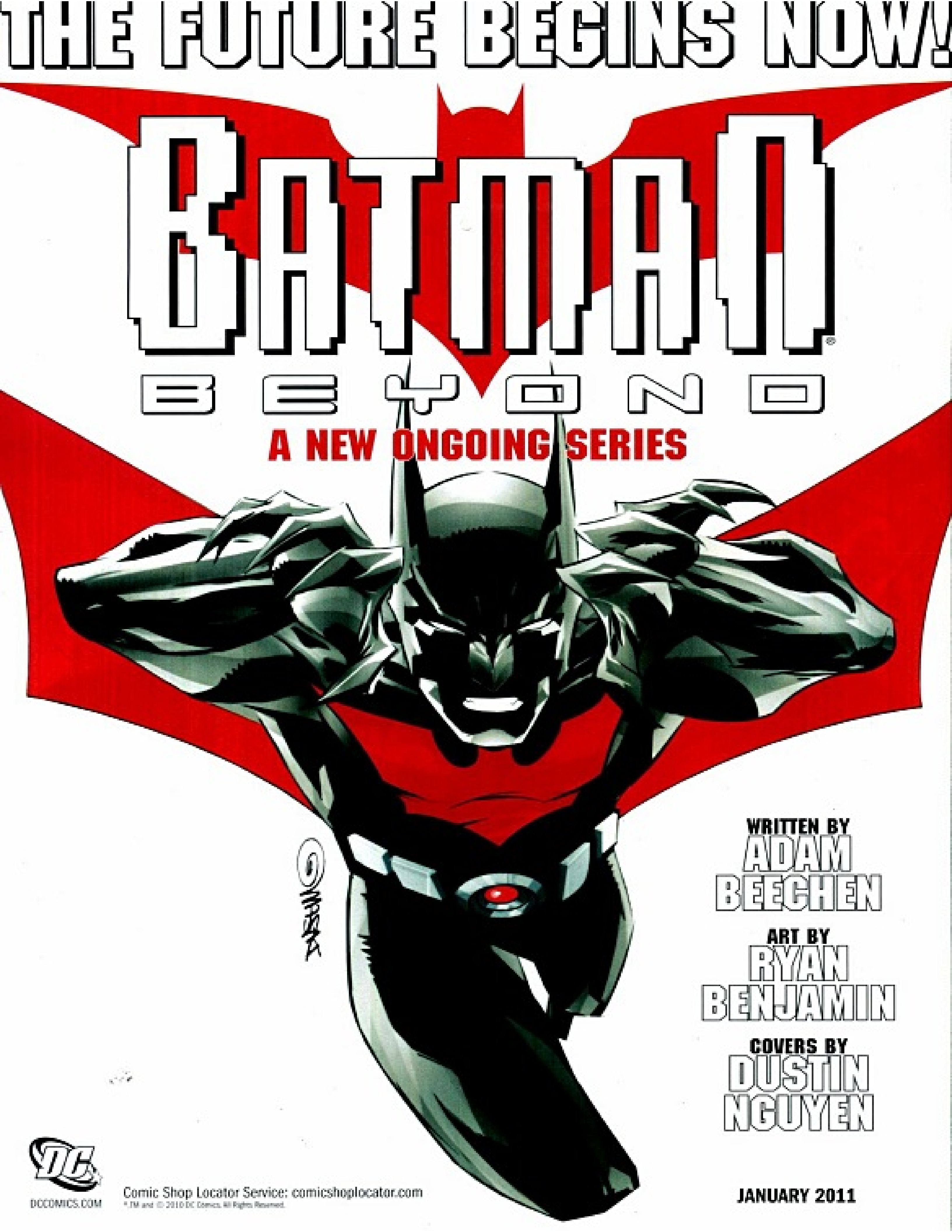


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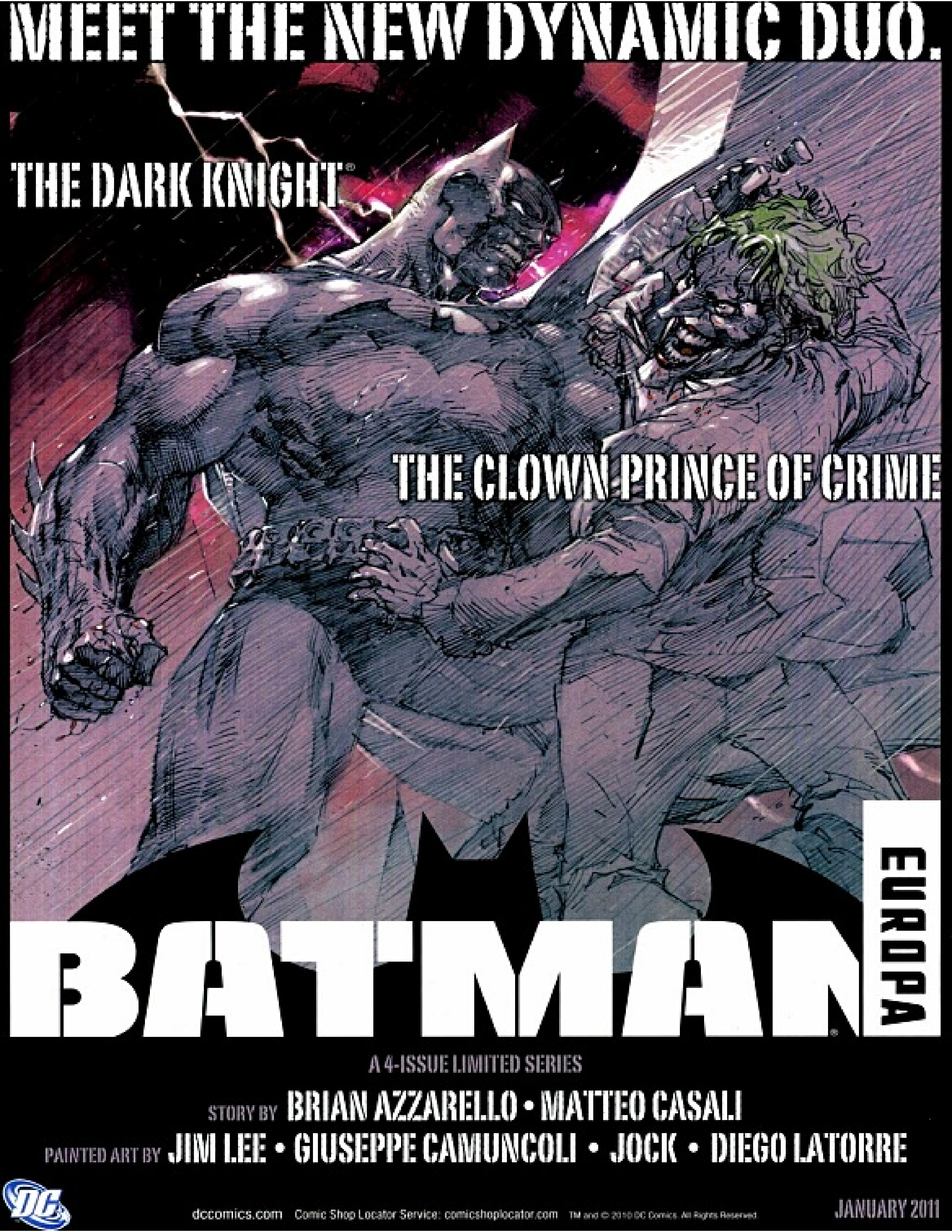

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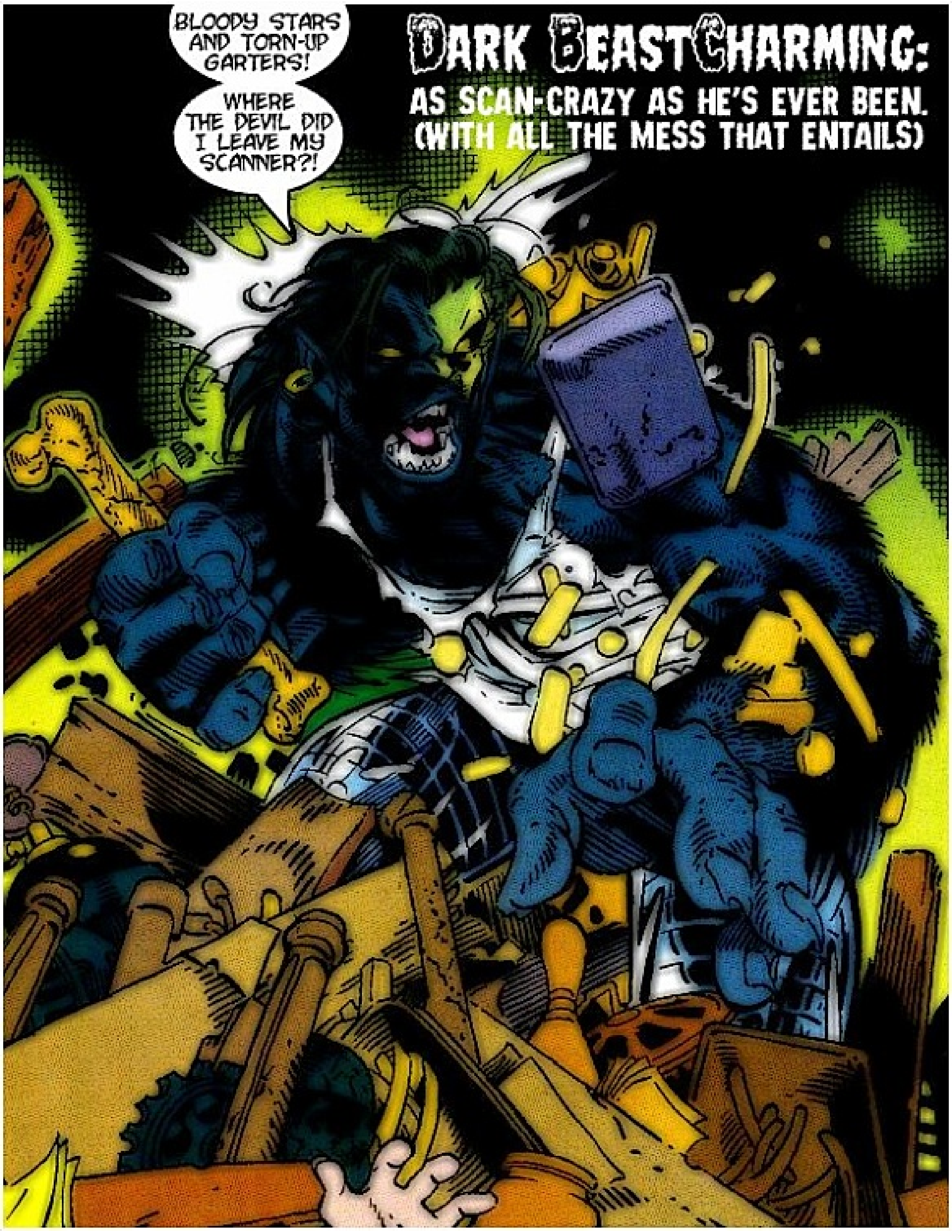


SHE'S BACK – IN A HARD-HITTING, ONGOING SERIES!
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ART BY
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AMY REEDER
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BLOODY STARS AND TORN-UP GARTERS!
WHERE THE DEVIL DID I LEAVE MY SCANNER?!
DARK BEASTCHARMING:
AS SCAN-CRAZY AS HE'S EVER BEEN.
(WITH ALL THE MESS THAT ENTAILS)